Creatures

Glass House Point

Morning light
Chase the night back to its home
Crystallised
Fractured glass frames on the wall
Reckless heart
Torn apart as she grew old
Wasting time
Wasting time

If only time would keep us young instead of getting old (oh woah)
Messy hair and dirty lungs seem to bring us home (oh oh oh oh oh)
I donâ€™t mean to let you down, but I gotta get out of town (oh woah)
Cityâ€™s sleeping all night long, too afraid to turn all the lights off (oh woah)

Young blood, you think you know but you know not
A fault to love where this ends and where this starts
Fever rush
Itâ€™s part of me, itâ€™s in my blood
Too close to touch
Too close to touch

If only time would keep us young instead of getting old (oh woah)
Messy hair and dirty lungs seem to bring us home (oh oh oh oh oh)
I donâ€™t mean to let you down, but I gotta get out of town (oh woah)
Cityâ€™s sleeping all night long, too afraid to turn all the lights off (oh woah)

Iâ€™m on my way, Iâ€™m on my way back home
Iâ€™m on my way, Iâ€™m on my way back home

oh oh oh oh oh

Iâ€™m on my way, Iâ€™m on my way back home

oh oh oh oh oh

Iâ€™m on my way, Iâ€™m on my way back home.

Lyrics Submitted by Rob Campbell

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